

Surfer King

A.A. Bondy

Behind the red door in american skin
there is a murder of roses

In the midnight hiss come cover me there

For i am electric nothingOut on the tide strangers all are drowing by
Under eclipse i wait for your kiss

with the beating of all these idiot heartsNo more evil now, no horror sound, no maniac song from a tyrant
And the surfer king will show me everything in the great green flash of the eveningOut on the tide strangers we
ride

smoke in our eyes
under eclipse, i wait for your kiss
with the beating of all these idiot hearts

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